

# Deadly-ish Dragons & Where to Find Them

by Poetic Devices

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Summary: A series of chapters chronicling the adventures and discoveries of Newson Sanders, a scholar from London. On a research trip to Romania, he soon finds the perfect hands-on experience he has been searching for - when he gets lost in the Romanian mountains. Follow Sanders in his draconic adventures detailing his discoveries of the dragons he finds, and where he finds them.

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. All rights belong to Dreamworks and Cressida Cowell.\*\***

**\*\*\_A/N \_\*\***

**\*\*\_This is sort of a spin on the Newt Scamander character from Harry Potter (but, of course, just with dragons). Hiccup will also be tied into this story, in a historical sort of way. I wrote this for fun, since the idea just sort of popped into my head and I had to write it. Enjoy!\_\*\***

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**><p><strong><em>Dastardly Dragons and Where to Find Them<em></strong></p></strong></b>**

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><p>Newson Sanders pulled his raincoat tighter around him as he walked down Galilei avenue. The old streets of cobblestone were slick with rain. Of course, nothing new there. Rain was hardly unusual in London. Sanders walked briskly down the avenue, his swampers sloshing through puddles and slapping over the stones, carrying the scholar on his way down to the publisher's shop.<p>

Just outside the shop door, the man shook out his umbrella and folded

it down. He also removed his hat (a very silly-looking rainhat, yellow to match his coat), and once both were relatively free of water, he pushed open the door to the little shop and stepped in. A bell jingled as he did so.

"Come right in" a voice came from the first room he found. Sanders turned a corner and saw a blonde, bespectacled woman sitting behind a desk, typing away on a typewriter.

"Pardon, miss," Sanders asked, "is the publisher in?"

"I am the publisher, sir. Would you care to take a seat?"

"If you wouldn't mind."

"I was just having my afternoon tea. Absolutely horrid outside, isn't it? I'm sure you wouldn't mind something piping hot after walking around out there, am I wrong?"

"No m'am, that sounds perfect. Per-fect. Thank you very much, yes, just sugar, ah, lovely."

"You had something you wanted to discuss with me?"

"Ah, yes! Oh but I beg your pardon, I haven't yet introduced myself have I?"

"Afraid not."

"Yes yes, so sorry, that was rude of me" he stuttered, clearing a damp lock of hair from his eyes. "Accepting tea without even giving my name first, so impolite" he muttered. "Pardon m'am, my name is Newson Sanders. I am a studying scholar over at the Brighter Florals University, I'm a graduate, actually. But I returned after a gap year and I'm continuing my studies to earn a doctorate in natural sciences. I am also majoring in world mythology, as well as minoring in English and English literature. I've been working on quite a project, you see, but I came here to ask for a bit of advice. I was told that would be the best thing to do - by one of my old professors, actually."

The woman sitting at the desk blinked. "Go on."

Sanders nodded. "Of course, of course. Well, just recently I've been particularly taken with my world myth studies, and I was quite hoping to delve much, much deeper into the research behind it. There was one area that specifically caught my attention, something I would quite enjoy furthering my studies in."

"Which would be?"

"Dragons."

The woman stared at the young man. He couldn't have been older than his mid-thirties.

"Dragons? You... you plan to \_study \_them? But how?"

Sanders raised up a finger, as if a lightbulb was going off above his head. The woman sitting before him could practically see all the

gears turning about up there.

"Ah, that's where it gets \_interesting. \_This project would be a hands-on experience. Working right in the field, studying the subject up close and personal! According to everything I have so far studied, I have concluded - well, more like hypothesized, really - that dragons do, in fact... ehm... exist."

He only hoped the woman would not laugh.

"You think dragons... exist? And... and you plan to study them... up close? But that's absurd, how could you possibly be so sure about such a thing?"

Truthfully, this woman was kind and sympathetic to people such as Sanders, who liked to think outside the box, but often got their heads stuck in the clouds when they thought like that for too long. But she enjoyed a creative idea when she heard one. All she could do now was humor the poor young man.

"My dear man, if you were able to create some sort of project on dragons, in the way you have described - this sort of \_hands on \_experience - and document it to be published... why, that would be a very fine work indeed. Mythologists, naturalists, and zoologists would come flocking to buy a book like that. One that I would most definitely be intereststed in publishing."

Newson Sanders's face lit up. "Really? Because-"

"-But I simply won't believe it until I see it. I hope you can understand that, mister Sandels."

"Erm, Sanders, actually."

"Right. And was that all, mister Sanders?"

The young man put down the cup of tea he had barely touched. He looked disappointed to be cut short of his whimsical tangent regarding this dragon project.

"Yes, I believe that was all. Thank you for your time m'am, it was a pleasure to meet you."

"And for you, the same. Thank you."

And with that, Newson Sanders stood up, gathered his hat and umbrella, slipped on his oversized yellow raincoat, and trudged out the door. A bell jingled lightly on his way out. On the familiar path back to his dorm at Brighter Florals University, Newson's brilliant mind was already planning out the great project he had ahead of him, and he was going to prove what he had told to that publisher lady back on Galilei avenue. Dragons existed alright, and he was going to find them.

Now all he had to do was book a plane ticket to Romania.

## 2. Parachuting Into Romania, with Style

It was a rather small plane that Newson had booked himself on, and he

didn't really mind the size. What surprised him a little was that no one else, it seemed, was planning on traveling to Romania that day, seeing as the plane was very much empty save for him. And the pilot, of course.

His suitcase was all packed with the necessities: Two extra shirts, two extra pairs of trousers, pants, a pair of hiking boots, a hat, socks, a small polaroid camera, and his three journals. One was already half-filled with research, the other two were completely empty. Sanders planned on filling them in during this trip. The only food he had packed for the journey was a tin of trail mix and some beef jerky. He assumed he would be arriving somewhere with any sort of civilization that would offer a decent meal and a loo with running water. Unfortunately, he was a bit mistaken.

"Sir!" the pilot called from the cockpit.

"Yes captain?"

"I'll be going back there to open up the hatch soon. Make sure all of your things are prepared for when you hop on out!"

"Right o.. wait, what do you mean, 'hop on out?'"

The pilot laughed. "You're just going to be taking a little jump from the hatch there, and down you'll go, directly into the lovely Romanian wilderness. You'll have a parachute, of course, so don't worry!"

Sanders could not believe his ears. \_Jumping? \_Into Romania? With a \_parachute? \_Oh, no.

"Um... I'm sorry, sir, there must be some sort of mistake! I thought we were going to be landing on solid ground before I hopped out of anything."

The captain, switching up a lever before standing up, got out of his pilot seat and made his way back to where Sanders sat. Sanders, on the other hand, was gripping his suitcase and extra, smaller bag in his lap with a protective expression.

"Don't you worry, mister Sanders, it's perfectly safe. Here." The pilot leaned over behind the seat next to Sanders and brought something back out. A bulky pack, with strings hanging down. "This here's your parachute. Now you see this little string here? With the little hook?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Good. That's for emergencies, in case this doesn't open within the first ten seconds after you jump. It shouldn't be needed, but I'm obligated to tell you for legal reasons."

Sanders gulped. "Good to know" he answered.

"All right now, here you are. Stand up, very good. You can put your things down - no no, not to worry, you'll get them back - Just take this here and put your arm through, that's the ticket, very good" the pilot made Sanders stand and slid the parachute pack onto the young man's back. He also tossed over a pair of goggles, which Sanders

caught. Then the pilot walked over to the side of the cabin, where a latch was attached to the wall.

"Stand back now, it's going to get a little windy."

Sanders felt like he was about to soil himself. He suddenly found himself shaking. His hands were quite sweaty, too.

"Wait just a minute now! Where are we right at this moment?!" Sanders had to yell over the noise as a sudden, strong gust of wind blew into his face, sending his hair into a flying frenzy.

"Over Romania, sir! Right over the mountains! That's where you needed to be, ain't it?"

"Well \_yes! \_But I told you, I thought we would be \_landing \_there! I did not sign up for a near-death experience by parachute, thank you very much!"

"Sorry sir, but it's the only way down! A little late to go back now, eh?!"

Sanders tried to swallow, but his throat was dry. He picked up his belongings from his seat and tried to tune the fear of an imminent death out. "All in the name of science," he mumbled nervously to himself. "For science" he repeated over and over, calming his mind with the mantra. At last, after psyching himself out almost completely, Sanders nodded to the pilot, and took a step over the open hatch. He refused to look down. The pilot nodded and gave a small salute with his hand.

"Ready for departure?!" he bellowed from the cockpit, where he had returned and was seated in the captain's seat.

"Ready as I'll ever be" Sanders whimpered, gripping his luggage tightly in his arms.

"On three then! Remember, just remain very calm, you will be fine!"

"Mmhmm..."

"One!"

"Mary and Joseph..." Sanders murmured.

"Two!" the pilot shouted over the wind.

"Preserve me Lord..."

"Three!"

He jumped.

Newson Sanders would later write the entire ordeal down in his journal, including every little detail of his frightful (yet thrilling) experience. That experience was the one that began his adventures in the Romanian wilderness, where he would soon discover some of the most amazing creatures unseen by mankind, both for the centuries before and the centuries to come.

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No, this story is most definitely not finished. I've only begun.

### 3. Finding an Old, Dirty Manual

All in all, Sanders decided, a parachute made a splendid tent.

His first night in the Romanian mountains, far from any form of civilization at all, Sanders broke out the beef jerky for a very humble supper. He was sure the pilot had made a mistake, there should be \_some \_sort of village or town nearby. Anything would do, really, as long as they had some real food (and maybe some running water, too). But alas and alack, not a speck of light from any nearby window or building of any kind was to be seen among the terrain of the Romanian wilderness.

After he was finished pulling his opened parachute taught over a couple of tree branches, he spread out his extra jacket on the ground and settled down for the night, using his smaller bag as a pillow. His eyes had barely closed when the man felt something tugging on the end of his shoe.

"Gah!" he yelped and hopped up from his sleeping spot, shaking his foot around. Something squawked and landed with a \_plap \_in the dirt. It was too dark to see what the thing was. Sanders scrambled for his suitcase and rummaged through the contents until he found what he was looking for.

"Aha!" he snatched the book of matches and struck one. The tiny flame illuminated everything within about two feet of him in all directions.

"What \_was \_that?" Surely there weren't any snakes around here? The pilot would have warned him about snakes! But then, that pilot was a very dubious person to begin with, who knew what else he should have warned the young man about? In the end, he re-lit the fire he'd set up earlier, and wrapped himself tight in his coat, keeping knees to his chest so nothing else would come nibbling at his feet. As he fell back into an uneasy sleep, Newson convinced himself that it had only been a bird or a rabbit, nothing more.

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><p>A few days into his trip, Newson decided he just might be getting the hang of things. Possibly. The walking was tedious, and the terrain was very hilly, with trees here and brush there. He also had his fair share of cuts and scratches from tripping over foreign objects. But the naturalist in him wanted to document everything he saw, all the plant life, the scenery, the sounds of different animals calling to each other from the trees. Romanian wilderness, while a bit repetitive to him, really wasn't all that bad. He did snap a few photographs on his polaroid. Mostly of the scenery, especially when the sun rose and set over the mountains. "Such beautiful sights, once one becomes accustomed" Newson commented to himself. The entire first

week in Romania, and he hadn't found a shred of civilization so far. Oh, well. Solitude was fine, too.<p>

It was on his sixth or seventh day that Sanders trudged up (yet another) hill, his hiking boots keeping his feet from growing too sore. As he descended the grassy hill, Newson spotted a dark formation a few yards ahead. Something made out of rocks - an interesting shape too. The scholar quickly hiked up all his luggage and gear under his arms and hurried down the the rock formation.

It was something of a dome shape, made up of rock bricks. To Newson, it looked rather medieval. He snapped a polaroid before going in to get an even closer look.

"Hmm... Too small to be a burial site" he murmured. "Unless, of course, they were into cremation during the Dark Ages. Well of \_course\_ they burned people, what am I thinking? They had the Black Plague, silly! Burning people was common!" he palmed himself lightly on the head, chuckling for making an amateur historian's mistake. "I guess it's a possibility. Now what does that say there?"

He squinted at something that was carved into the largest stone at the base of the formation. There were markings on there, smoothed out and faded over time from years of erosion. He squinted even harder and fiddled with the spectacles that were slipping down his nose.

"Ahhh, I see. Why they're Viking runes! It's an old inscription in Futhark! Would you look at that! Newson Sanders has found himself Futharkian runes on a few-hundred-years old stone plaque! Imagine that."

He carefully brushed away some of the dirt coating the stone. What a shame, Sanders thought, he hadn't studied very much Norse in the University. Of course, during his free time he had managed to do a bit of light reading on the history of the Vikings. The Futharkian alphabet wasn't too difficult, and as far as languages went, memorizing new words was one of the scholar's fortes. The Viking language was a bit easier for him to pick up. But what were Vikings doing all the way in Romania? Plundering? Pillaging? It seemed a bit far from traditional Viking origins to be hanging around in Romania. Odd. He shrugged and traced the circular carving that outlined the inscription. Then the plaque gave way to the pressure of his hand, and something \_clicked. \_Newson leapt back.

The dome was falling apart!

The young scholar watched, horrified that he had just ruined an ancient artifact, as the stone formation went crumbling to the ground. But as he watched, in the dust that floated up from the collapsed formation, there was something visible from underneath. Sanders crawled on his hands and knees to investigate. By george! A book!

"This must be one of the oldest books I've ever laid eyes on!" the scholar gushed as he carefully lifted the heavy, leatherbound out of the rocks. He blew away some of the dust and dirt from the cover. But it looked so well \_preserved, \_what a beautiful find! On the front was more futhark. Sanders squinted and tried to read the title.

"How to... what's that word? How to... something your..." he gasped, "Dragon! It's about dragons! Heavens, who would ever believe something like this could happen to \_me, \_of all people!" He sat down on the dirt, in front of the ruined rock dome, and held the book up closer to his face, wanting to read more. But while he could just read the title (mostly), the author's name somewhat confused him. He didn't recognize some of the words, there couldn't be a word for them in the English language. He skipped over the author's name for the time being. Instead, he opened up the cover and flipped to the first page. At the top was a messily scribbled word. Something that either meant "induction" or "introduction." Probably the latter. Newson read on.

"There... were... \_dragons. \_So it \_is \_about dragons. Okay... there were dragons... when I was... a... boy. There were dragons when I was a boy! Wait, what? A journal? When \_who \_was a boy? The author? I thought this was a manual... nevermind. All right, but what does that mean, there \_were \_dragons? Have they all gone away?" Confused, he rifled through more pages. Of course, he couldn't just scan for a keyword, it was all in old Norse, and futhark was an odd-looking alphabet. He would have to figure it out, so he kept reading. As he read, he became even more puzzled. This book spoke of dragons - crawling back into the ocean. From what the writer was saying, the creatures hadn't left anything behind for any man to find. Not a bone, not a fang, nothing. Well \_that \_was certainly disappointing. Newson didn't want to believe this writer at all.

"All right, whatever-your-name-is-manual-writer. I don't like your pessimistic attitude. I'm \_going \_to find a dragon, and I'm going to prove you wrong!" He snapped the book shut. Dust puffed out from the pages and into his face, making the man cough. "Fine then, have it your way. But I'm getting that book published, and I'll do whatever it takes to get as much research as I can!"

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Don't worry, by the next chapter we'll begin meeting some dragons.

End  
file.